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JOEY: A SERMONIC VARIATION ON AN ANCIENT PARABLE

[This sermon was delivered by Mr. William N. Hawley, Acting Dean of the Divinity School, in a worship service of the Roger Williams Fellowship Conference which met at the Divinity School, November 10–12, 1953. Because of requests for publication, it is published here for the first time for the readers of *The Divinity School News*.—EDITOR.]

WHEN Mrs. Judson Smith returned from the movie, she found her husband, the Reverend Judson Smith, in a different frame of mind from that in which she had left him earlier in the evening. She had felt a little guilty about asking him to baby-sit his one night home in a week so she could go to a movie with one of the girls. But, if he had not been home to spend an evening in seven days, she had not been out and away from the children in two weeks. So with not too much effort she had been able to clear the register of her conscience enough to permit herself an enjoyable evening. But she had not expected to find Judson in a calm state when she re-entered their home at the end of the evening, for usually such frustrations of his professional predispositions could cause him considerable internal stress and physical pain.

"I am relieved to find you in good spirits," his wife said as she re-entered the house. "When I left, I was a little concerned as to what state I would find you in when I returned. You take yourself so seriously so much of the time—driving yourself as if you were competing with a production line at U.S. Steel."

"Yes, I know what you mean," he said.

"I would not have been surprised to have found you in a first-class stew when I got home. What unusual thing intervened to revive you? Something different must have happened."

"Well, to put it in a nutshell, I think I discovered tonight the ultimate distinction between the Samaritan and the two who passed by on the other side."

"That is an interesting statement," his wife responded, "after having preached so many times on that parable during your twenty years behind a pulpit—and with considerable conviction."

"Yes, I know. That is what disturbs me. Apparently a man can preach and teach the Gospel for a long time and convince a lot of people, including himself, that he is striking bottom and still be a long way from the bottom of the matter. And if that is so—then a lot of things have got to be reviewed and relived."

"Relived?"

"Yes, relived, re-examined, rethought, but especially relived—as though the whole pattern of existence were under judgment as never before," the man responded with words of sensitive inquiry.

"Jud, you're talking about yourself. I haven't seen you treat yourself so much like a human being in I don't know how long. What has brought this on?"

She was pushing him to put in words meanings and feelings that he was not sure he would be able to communicate. But he would try to give her some hint of what had happened.

When Judson Smith arrived home for dinner that evening, he was walking on air and living in seventh heaven. Before leaving for home, he had checked in at the church office to read the afternoon mail and had found a letter inviting him to become a member of the board of directors of the city's Community Fund. This would give him and his church a position of recognition in the community for which he had hungered and thirsted for a long time, for the Community Fund in Clarksburg was not surpassed in prestige value by any public service institution in the city. But the distinction to be gained by appointment to the Community Fund Board was nearly eclipsed within his own feelings by a letter from Jake Sutherland, recently made president of his alma mater, inviting him to deliver the baccalaureate address at the June commencement exercises. To be invited to stand within an academic context—especially that of his own undergraduate school—and speak as a learned man to scholars, students, and laymen regarding something important to their lives—this was something he had many times dreamed of but had never really expected to materialize. To be recognized as a man of intellectual power (maybe he was blowing this up too much) and as a clergyman at the same time was to have the number-one inferiority problem of his life spoken to in a very powerful way. In fact, there had

been times, sitting in his study alone trying to compose the next day's sermon, when he had wondered whether he were not holding onto the wrong end of the stick. Perhaps he should really be a teacher in a college, where one doesn't have to worry about the size of the congregation and where one is not handicapped by the Ladies' Aid and the choir director's temperament.

As he left the church for the drive home for dinner, he was preoccupied with the last two books in psychology and theology he had bought three months before but had not gotten around to reading. It was wonderful that tonight he had no engagements and could finally sit down to read. He would eat a good dinner, play with the children for a few moments, exchange a little small talk with his wife, and then withdraw to his study to read. And read he had better if he were to appear at his sharpest and best in June for the baccalaureate address. The warm glow generated from contemplating such an evening's program for himself—Judson Smith, citizen of affairs, minister, teacher, distinguished alumnus, the voice of Faith to the world of learning—buoyed his spirits above the normal water mark and sent him almost skipping into the house to greet the family.

But no sooner had the amenities been completed than his wife Louise said something that threatened to demolish his nicely laid plans for the evening.

"I know, Jud, that this is your first night home in almost two weeks, but I have been almost bursting to get away from these four walls for a little change of scenery. And just before you came in Phyllis called and asked if I could go to the movie with her tonight, and, in my weakness, I accepted the invitation, thinking you would not mind baby-sitting just through the early show. Okay?"

He was trapped. He could not possibly say "No" to her, and he did not see how he could say "Yes" and still be big about it. But he did say "Yes" before the dinner hour was over, announcing at the same time to the two older children that everything would have to move on schedule tonight if he were the one to be in charge, because he had work to do, and he could not afford serious infringements of his time. This got everything off to a fine start.

At seven-thirty Louise made her exit, casting a misgiving look back over her shoulder as she went out the door; and Jud, successful minister of Clarksburg's First Church, turned now to the responsibilities of getting the children started in their going-to-bed routines—somewhat after the manner of a labor steward in an automobile assembly plant who has been suddenly informed that he must increase production by 27 per cent beginning at once while maintaining the same labor force.

All went well, except for one catch—when the race had almost been successfully run—Joey wanted his father to sit by his bed until he had fallen asleep. But his father was adamant.

"I told you, Joey, I have to work. Maybe tomorrow we can talk. Now go to sleep, and I'll see you tomorrow. I've read you a story, and that's enough."

"But I want you to sit with me *tonight,*" the nine-year-old boy persisted.

"The answer is 'No,' Joey; and that is the end of it," retorted the father. And with this he left his son and repaired to his much-coveted privacy in his study.

Judson Smith was all comfortably seated under his favorite reading light in his favorite reading chair with his book open at the first chapter—and had already read the first three paragraphs or so—when his seclusion was invaded by the sound of Joey's sobbing upstairs.

"I knew I had lost my temper with the boy," Judson admitted as he related the happenings of the evening to his wife. "And I knew that I had hurt Joey's feelings, but time was slipping away from me. It was already eight-thirty, and this was the only night I would have at home again for another week, and so I had hoped he would go to sleep, in spite of the way I spoke to him, and let me read."

"So, what did you do when he started crying?"

"Well, I hate to tell you—and would not now be able to tell you if the evening hadn't turned out the way it did. But, when Joey kept sobbing, I couldn't concentrate on my reading. And, the more he cried, the harder I tried to concentrate. But I was getting nowhere with such a tactic. I must have reread the same page a dozen times, and, meanwhile, I was beginning to develop a pain in in the back of my neck. But, in spite of this, I would not give up. So I walked out into the hallway and yelled at him up the stairs (it makes me sick now to think of it) that if he did not get still—and quickly—I would come upstairs and paddle him soundly."

"You should have gotten a headache—and a good one—from such a performance," the man's wife interrupted.

"Yes, I know. I have discovered how concrete the judgment of God can become, even to taking the form of a headache and a stiff neck and eyes that burn so badly you can't see what you are reading anymore," the minister-father added.

"Well, what happened then?" the mother of the son urged.

"After I gave him the devil in a big, loud voice, he cried all the more. But I went back into my study and dropped into my chair in one last determined effort to finish at least the first chapter. But, as I sat there, I began to be visited with images of meanings that I had preached about and represented in symbolic ways to my congregation during my ministry. It sounds too dramatic

when it is put into words. But I thought of the many times I have said to my people, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these.' And I thought of the words of institution in the service of Holy Communion: 'This is my body broken for you. . . . This is my blood which is shed for you. . . . Do this in remembrance—in remembrance that Christ died for thee and feed on him in thy heart.' And I thought of Jesus' summary of how the Eternal in life is found: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy being, and thy neighbor as thyself.' I tried to read the words in my book again and again, but, instead, my attention was distracted by accusing images—and all this while my head was nearly splitting, and Joey, upstairs sobbing in his pillow. I could see myself standing before my people as though I were one who were worthy to be a vessel in some small way for the power of God—the mercy of God in Christ unto salvation. And I grew frightened. 'What am I doing?' I thought. 'There is no peace in this, no resolution of suffering, no clue to a meaning that could be lived with.' And all this time I could hear Joey upstairs trying to muffle his sobs in his pillow.

"Then I beheld the scene in the parable of the Good Samaritan that I tried to preach about last Sunday. The significance of it struck me with greater force than when I had preached on it. Here was the priest and the Levite, highly qualified men, properly installed and recognized by the official religious institutions. They were appointed to lead the people and to bring them into the presence of the Almighty. And, presumably, on this particular day they were earnestly going about their business, convinced that they were doing well—maybe going to an important board meeting or representing the church on the board of the Community Fund or raising money to send some orphans to a free day nursery. But the important point is that, in spite of a great tradition to the contrary, they lived in terms of a conception of Faith that insulated them from the particularity—the depth and complexity of the particularity of which human existence—the whole universe, for that matter—is composed. These two respectable religious men had generalized the concreteness of God's relationship to his creatures in such a way that they had lost the eyes whereby to see where God stood and where God was working and how a man had to work if he were to work with God. They loved people in general but not in particular. And that's what most of our religion—*my* religious professional activity—amounts to. Our church institutions and our professional ways of work are designed to manage and manipulate people in the abstract but not to love them in the concrete. We traffic too much in dehumanized and despiritualized religion.

"The difficulty in dealing with God or man in the concrete is that you can't do it without having to deal with yourself. You can't get as close to human suffering and brokenness as the Samaritan did without becoming conscious of your own brokenness or without having the sham of what you usually trust sorely revealed. From such intimate encounter comes a kind of humility which, if we had it, would disabuse us of the confidence we have in so much doing good—so much preoccupation with institutional operation.

"I was appalled by the realization tonight of what tremendous, unswerving trust we religious professionals have placed in just keeping ourselves active, as though the multiplication of activity in and of itself would increase geometrically the spiritual power released. And the fact that we know this and talk about it obviously does not constitute sufficient judgment upon us. We are so compulsively enmeshed in the Rotary Club–Chamber of Commerce mentality, even in relation to some of the best things in the world, that we cannot help acting like the priest and the Levite regarding the sensitive, undemonstrative dimensions of the divine-human situation. We seem to have a mile-high stone wall within our beings insulating us against our own depths.

"Jesus said that the way to Eternal life was to love God wholeheartedly and love your neighbor as yourself. It occurs to me now that, if I am to love a human being in such a way that he and I in this occasion are redemptively related to God, then the love shared with that person must take account of that person's and my own depths—our respective brokenness, loneliness, hungerings for wholeness. But this means you can't administer the sacraments sailing through town in a Buick. The depths of a man are deep—deeper than he or I or any human being will ever fathom. But those depths are nonetheless the measure of and the vestibule to the Eternal itself. And one man's depths are not unlike my depths. And God gains access to another man's depths through me only to the extent that I am able and willing to let my own depths be known and be taken account of.

"So, a man has to get down from his beast of burden—or from his Buick or Pontiac or even from his chairmanship of a committee—and bend low until an awareness of his own concreteness and yearning comes back to him; and then through the radar sensitivity of this awareness he can minister to the man by the side of the road. In other words, we are all creatures—bruised and hungering for healing—by the side of the road. We are also part priest and part Levite. And the point of the parable is that each of us lives in this tension between the Samaritan's perspective and the priest-Levite perspective. Our temptation—our greatest temptation, buttressed by the tremendous prestige of the

Lord Calvert 'men of distinction' gospel—is to settle for the priest-Levite perspective. This is the manipulative way of life—the priesthood of the Dale Carnegies and the Norman Vincent Peales—and too much of the time we trust it just as much as they do. And, because of this, most of our churches and most of our schools and most of our models for professional religious leadership have become isolated and insulated from the creative and redemptive power of God."

"Well, what finally happened between you and Joey?" the minister's wife asked.

"I finally laid my book aside and quietly climbed the stairs to Joey's room. Then I sat down on his bed and let him talk to me. At first he talked about all kinds of things—just jabbering away like a magpie. Then he finally settled down to what was really on his chest. It seems that some of his playmates this afternoon had teased him into ringing all the doorbells in the vestibule of the Wedgewood apartments. Then the boys all ran away quickly, leaving Joey to be caught by one of the occupants, who turned out to be our good friend, Martha Coultrap. So Joey's problem was guilt and fear over what he had done to a friend of our family. And this is why he could not go to sleep. And this is why he wanted to talk to me before letting me go downstairs. And I was utterly unconscious of his suffering, so preoccupied was I with my own operation.

"In other words, I passed Joey by just like the priest and Levite passed by the man on the road. This is what frightens me, Louise—the fact that I can preach about the Good Samaritan and yet not have the sensitivities necessary for actually responding. I wonder now just how close my whole approach to the ministry is to being as insensitive to the depths and particularities of human existence and of the Gospel's relevance as I was to Joey's need tonight.

"Tonight I felt I had much in common with Willy Lohman, the father of the two sons in *Death of a Salesman*. Willy died pathetically from spiritual starvation and emptiness because he had the wrong dreams. He worked hard, was sincere and faithful, paid all his bills. But it still added up to nothing. You have to have more than sincerity and faithfulness and diligence; you have to have dreams that will let you love the particular people who are close at hand to be loved and lived with. You can't go off promoting anything bigger than your intimacy with the depths and particularities of life will permit. An institution, especially a religious institution, is no more secure than the depth and complexity of the sensitivities we have for those of our immediate households.

"I can raise money for missions—as I do every year—but I cannot, and my church cannot, say what God in Christ would have us say to a Chinese or an Indonesian or a South African unless we, whose hands would give, have also

known the humility and the judgment of having been found ourselves by the road and, therefore, have the eyes and the hands and the feelings—the vital contact with our own complexity—to respond as Samaritans rather than compulsive religious manipulators. I can belong to a church institution, and I can belong to the Community Fund, and I can participate in a number of action programs, and I can deliver the baccalaureate address—and all these things are worthy causes. But these activities will be justified and will bear creative fruit only to the extent that I, who belong and participate, bring to these relationships a kind of sensitivity and humility and, yes, even a kind of perceptiveness that can only be provided in a Samaritan-like encounter with my own depths and the depths of my fellows.

"This is where Joey comes in. What happened between us is of the essence, to be sure—life, death, and resurrection—but as essence it is symbolic of what has been missing and what needs to be supplied more pervasively in all our life and work. We have overextended ourselves. We have pushed out limbs and branches beyond what our existing rootage can support in the current storms. We've either got to get more roots—and deep ones—or we've got to sacrifice some of the branches. We cannot stand within the stature to which God has called us on our present basis."

WILLIAM N. HAWLEY

CONVOCATION

At the Spring Convocation, June 11, 1954, the following degrees were conferred under the Federated Theological Faculty:

Bachelor of Divinity:

PAUL SIMMONS ALEXANDER
A.B., University of California, 1950

ROBERT CRAIG COBURN
A.B., Yale University, 1951

BOYD GIBSON
A.B., Wittenberg College, 1950

GILBERT HARTZELL LINCOLN
A.B., University of Oklahoma, 1950
A.M., *ibid.*, 1951

SCHUBERT MILES OGDEN
A.B., Ohio Wesleyan University, 1950

CLYDE CURRY SMITH
A.B., Miami University, 1951
S.M., *ibid.*, 1951

ROBERT O'HAIR THOMPSON
A.B., Earlham College, 1946

JOHN LANE YOUNG
A.B., University of Texas, 1951

In co-operation with the Chicago Theological Seminary:

LOIS ANN BANKS
A.B., Connecticut College, 1951

BRADLEY BRYAN BREHMER
A.B., Carroll College, 1951

CURTIS RANDOLPH CLARE

DONALD GENE COX
A.B., James Millikin University, 1950

CORNELIUS DE STIGTER
A.B., Iowa State Teachers College, 1948
A.M., Colorado State College of Education, 1950

WILLIAM CLAIR HARMAN
A.B., Findlay College, 1950

JOHN MORRISON HOFFMANN
A.B., University of Chicago, 1950

ROBERT GLENN JACOBS
A.B., Grinnell College, 1950

WILLIAM FRANK KAUTZ
A.B., Elmhurst College, 1948

SCOTT SMITH LIBBEY
A.B., University of Iowa, 1951

CHARLES HOMER LOWDER
A.B., Lynchburg College, 1945

GENE LEROY MCCORNACK
A.B., Oklahoma City University, 1949

HUGH BURRILL PENNEY
A.B., Bates College, 1950

JAMES WESLEY SCHAEFER

CLYDE JAMES STECKEL
A.B., Butler University, 1950

ALLEN FRANCIS TINKHAM
A.B., Tufts College, 1951

WILLIE WHITE
A.B., Dillard University, 1950
A.M., University of Chicago, 1953

FLORA MAY SLOSSON WUELLNER
A.B., University of Michigan, 1949

In co-operation with the Disciples Divinity House:

JOHN REUBEN BEAN
A.B., George Pepperdine College, 1951

CHARLES LEE JOHNSON
B.Mgt.E., Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, 1951

DAVID TAMOTSU KAGIWADA
A.B., Ohio Wesleyan University, 1951

RAY KEITH KISTLER
A.B., Colorado State College of Education, 1948

ROBERT BENJAMIN LEWIS
A.B., Hiram College, 1951

HARRY BAXTER PARTIN
A.B., Transylvania College, 1947

LINDELL LINTON SAWYERS
A.B., University of Chicago, 1949

GEORGE EDWIN STANFORD, JR.
A.B., Texas Christian University, 1951

In co-operation with the Meadville Theological School:

JAY FRANKLIN CHIDSEY
A.B., Antioch College, 1951

WILLIAM GLOVER HORTON
A.B., Columbia University, 1950

CLARKE DEWEY WELLS

Master of Arts:

PATRICIA ANNE SPENCER STANFORD
MARIE BURGIN WILLIAMS

Doctor of Philosophy:

HOWARD MILLER HAM
A.B., Sterling College, 1943
Th.M., Iliff School of Theology, 1946
Th.D., *ibid.*, 1947

DAVID CLAUDE PELLETT
A.B., Butler University, 1935
A.M., *ibid.*, 1937
D.B., University of Chicago, 1939

ROGER WILLIAMS FELLOWSHIP CONFERENCE

The third Roger Williams Fellowship Conference will be held at the Divinity School next November 9, 10, and 11. The program for this conference is complete, and all local arrangements have been made in anticipation of the coming of approximately one hundred members of the Roger Williams Fellowship of the American Baptist Convention. Among those who will be registered for the conference are church leaders and educators of the American Baptist churches.

The general theme which will be discussed at the conference is "The Theological Task of Baptist Churches Today." There will be two addresses at each morning session of the conference, with the exception of the opening day. On this day Dr. Lynn Leavenworth, director of the Theological Department of the Division of Secondary and Higher Education of the American Baptist Convention, will give an opening address on "Baptists and the Current Theological Discussion." Following his address, Professor J. Coert Rylaarsdam and Professor Jaroslav Pelikan of the Federated Theological Faculty will speak on the subject, "Authority of Scripture in Baptist Churches." On the second morning of the conference, Professor Winthrop Hudson of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School will give an address on "Baptist View of the Nature of the Church"; and Professor W. B. Blakemore of the Federated Theological Faculty will give an address on "The Baptist Concept of the Ministry." On the final morning of the conference, Dr. Robert Torbet of the Board of Education and Publication of the American Baptist Convention and Professor James H. Nichols of the Federated Theological Faculty will speak on "Baptist Churches and the Ecumenical Movement." Each afternoon the conference will be divided into group discussions, and each evening there will be a panel discussion with the members of the conference in plenary session.

The Divinity School will be host to the visiting members of the conference.

SWIFT LIBRARIAN HONORED

On the afternoon of June 1, 1954, Divinity School faculty, students, and friends held a reception in honor of Miss Mary W. McCulloch, assistant librarian of Swift Library. Miss McCulloch received congratulations on the occasion of her twenty-fifth anniversary as a staff member of Swift Library. Acknowledg-

ments and expressions of appreciation of her long, faithful, and efficient service were made by Mr. Seward Hiltner, Acting Dean of the Federated Faculty; Mr. William Hawley, Acting Dean of the Divinity School; and Mr. William Morris in behalf of the student body. Miss McCulloch was then presented with gifts in further recognition of her years of service. The hope was expressed that Miss McCulloch would be able to continue in her present capacity for many years to come.

ALUMNI NOTES

John Barr Weir, Ph.D. '34, is now field representative, India and Pakistan, Board of Foreign Missions, Presbyterian Church U.S.A.

H. Conrad Blackwell, Ex. '30, after having served four years as minister of the Centenary Methodist Church, Lynchburg, Virginia, is now district superintendent of the Methodist Church, Farmville District, Virginia Conference. In 1952 Dr. Blackwell received the honorary Doctor of Divinity degree from Randolph-Macon College, Virginia.

Franklin D. Elmer, Jr., B.D. '30, received an alumni citation for distinguished service from the University of Chicago on June 5, 1954. Two days later at the Kalamazoo College Convocation Dr. Elmer was honored with a Doctor of Divinity degree.

The Goodspeed and Smith "Short Bible" has been translated into Japanese and published in Tokyo. The translation was made by the former Japanese Prime Minister, Tetsu Katayama, and there is a brief preface by Toyohiko Kagawa. Both Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed and Dr. J. M. P. Smith, who is now deceased, received their B.D. degrees from the Divinity School. Dr. Goodspeed is the Ernest D. Burton Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus of Biblical and Patristic Greek in the Divinity School.

Armin Limper, Ex. '53, has accepted appointment as professor of Christian education and religion in Elmhurst College, Elmhurst, Illinois. For the past year he has been minister of St. Matthews Evangelical and Reformed Church in Parkville, Missouri.

The following Chicagoans were on the summer-school faculty of the Iliff School of Theology in Denver, Colorado, this season: C. S. Braden, Ph.D. '26; W. H. Bernhardt, Ph.D. '28; B. M. Loomer, Ph.D. '42; Martin Rist, Ph.D. '34; W. A. Hotchkiss, Ph.D. '50; and W. G. Williams, Ph.D. '34. The director of the Iliff summer school this year is Howard M. Ham, Ph.D. '54.

John F. C. Green, A.M. '17, B.D. '19 (CTS), minister of the Evangelical Congregational Church, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Green have just returned from a tour of Europe. Dr. Green reports: "Few Christian actions in history have been as fine as the relief work motivated by the heart. The American church folk saved uncounted lives and saved souls in their assistance to European dispossessed and refugee peoples."

Albert Leland Jamison, Ph.D. '41, has resigned his position with the Department of Religion, Princeton University, to accept a position as head of the Department of Religion, Macalester College,

St. Paul, Minnesota. Mr. Jamison will assume his new duties at Macalester in September.

John T. McNeill, Ph.D. '20, recently emeritus from Union Theological Seminary in New York City, has accepted appointment as visiting professor in church history to Emory University in Georgia for the academic year 1954–55.

W. W. Mendenhall, M.A. '28, and Ione Mack Mendenhall, M.A. '27, are leaving Cornell University, where the former has been director of the Cornell United Religious Work, and are en route to Salonika, Greece, under a three-year appointment of the Congregational-Christian Service Committee for relief and rehabilitation work in northern Greece. There they will join Marjorie Trotter, Ex. '26, who is now in Greece for a short term as acting principal of the Girls' Division of Anatolia College in Salonika.

Marianna Presler, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Henry H. Presler, received an award as the "Best All-round Scholar" in Woodstock High School in a student body of four hundred. This award is based on character, high scholastic average, industry, leadership, participation in extracurricular activities, and co-operation. Dr. Presler is head of Leonard Theological College, Jabalpur, M.P., India.

Earl Riney, B.D. '14, observed his fiftieth anniversary in the Baptist ministry in a service on July 11 in the Roanoke Baptist Church, Kansas City, Missouri, where Dr. Riney served as pastor from 1934 to 1946. Dr. Riney, now retired, has been serving as interim and supply pastor. Following the service in the Roanoke Church, a dinner was held in Dr. Riney's honor, and guests listened to the broadcast of a talk which had been transcribed earlier by Dr. Riney.

Ivan G. Grimshaw, M.A. '27, is now special reference librarian (liberal arts) in Fort Wayne–Allen County Public Library, Fort Wayne, Indiana, beginning September, 1954. Dr. Grimshaw is the author of *How To Prepare a Speech*, published by the Woman's Press, and is the originator and conductor of a newspaper column, "There Is a Book." Dr. Grimshaw was recently included in *Who Knows—and What, Directory of American Scholars*.

Fuji Thomas, wife of Winbrun Thomas, Ex. '33, and her sons, Kenneth and Robert, will fly from Los Angeles on August 10 to the Thomas home in Djakarta, Indonesia. Mr. Thomas is field administrator of the Council of Churches of Indonesia. In the newly established Christian University of Djakarta there is a theological college. Ovid R. Sellers, A.B. '04, retired dean of McCormick Theological Seminary, and Mrs. Sellers will be teaching in the Theological College from mid-February, 1955.

Ernest L. Snodgrass, Ph.D. '37, has resigned his position as professor in the Michigan College of Mining and Technology to become chairman of the Department of Humanities and academic assistant to the Dean of Emory at Oxford, Georgia. Emory at Oxford is the department of Emory University located on the historic Emory campus thirty miles from the new Atlanta campus.

In Memoriam

O. H. Walby, Ph.D. '15, died this year in Winnipeg, Canada. At the time of his death Dr. Walby was editor of *Norge Canada*. Dr. Walby was born in Oslo, Norway, coming to the United States in 1911. After serving a Norwegian Baptist church in Chicago and doing missionary work among Scandinavians in New Jersey and New York, he served the British and Foreign Bible Society in Winnipeg, Canada. In 1928 he accepted a call from the League of Norsemen in Canada as general secretary and as general manager of the Information Bureau for Norwegian Immigrants to Canada. King Haakon VII of Norway bestowed the Peace Medal on Dr. Walby for outstanding service to that country during World War II. Dr. Walby is survived by one daughter, Grace, and one son, Roy, both of Winnipeg, and two sisters, Mrs. M. Blindheim and Mrs. Edel Christiansen, both in Norway.

Alphonzo A. Hobson, Ph.D. '03, died at Shore Road Hospital in Brooklyn, New York, on June 19, 1954, at the age of seventy-seven. His life was exceptionally active, useful, and distinguished. Among the churches that he served as minister were the following: Beth Eden Baptist Church in Pittsburgh, First Baptist Church in Waltham, First Baptist Church in Milwaukee, Upper Alton Baptist Church in Alton, First Baptist Church of Williamsburg, and Lefferts Park Baptist Church of Brooklyn. Among the educational institutions that he variously served as educator or administrator were Shurtleff College and the University of Pittsburgh. Probably his most widely known book is *Positive Protestantism*. Unusual intellectual interests activated his mind throughout his lifetime. An expert linguist, he mastered Italian shortly before his death. At the time of his passing he was engaged on a major translation project from the German of Kaftan.

ATTENTION ALUMNI!

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U. of C. degrees.....Year.....

Other degrees.....Institutions.....Year.....

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Book published.....

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